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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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"BAD NEWS."

"BAD NEWS."

"When God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love but Sorrow,"

This is one of the hardest lessons youth is called upon to learn. But, once it is learned, it gives a strength that nothing can take from us. Then we know that the lesson taught us will far outweigh the most cruel pain. But this lesson will not best be learned by telling ourselves that grief will pass away, and by bending all our energies to *forget*.

"When grief shall come to thee
Think not to flee,
For grief with steady pace
Will win the race;
Nor crowd her forth with mirth,
For at thy hearth
When mirth is tired and gone
Will grief sit on.
But make of her thy friend,
And in the end
Her counsel will grow sweet,
And with swift feet
Three lovelier than she
Will come to thee,
Calm Patience, Courage strong,
And Hope erelong."

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY C. WARREN.

"It has done me good to find that you feel as I do about consecrating myself anew. I thought it was a sort of idiosyncrasy in me. I had given myself wholly and unreservedly to the Lord, and had made no attempt to take myself back; and how could I give to him that which was already his?"

Those were the words which relieved my trouble. I found them in a letter which had been given me to read by a friend, because it contained a reference to something in which we were both interested; but the words you have just seen were the ones that helped me.

I had been dissatisfied and uneasy for a long time, without knowing what the matter was, or how to remedy it. The trouble would always increase when I heard or saw the word "consecrated," because it set me to wondering whether I were really consecrated to God or not. I did not feel sure. I had given myself to God quite a while before. I had kept nothing back consciously, not even my money; and I had had a struggle over that. I had wondered whether I ought to give a tenth of my whole income, or whether one-tenth of a sum equal to my total expenditure for a year would satisfy my conscience. Finally I accepted God's challenge through Malachi, and decided to give him a tenth of the whole sum. He did bless me; for nothing less than that could have made me so glad to give every cent of it, and even run over a little.

But after I had settled the question of the tithe, I was not satisfied. Something was wrong still. I could think of nothing that I had not given to God, yet I had continually an uneasy feeling about it which nothing quieted. Consecration meetings were a terror to me. Sometimes I thought I must have unconsciously played "Indian giver," and taken back what I had given away; but reflection would convince me that such was not the case. At last I grew tired of thinking about it, and went along as well as I could, trying to do my duty in a cheerful way, and hoping that some day God would give me the answer to my puzzle.

And he did; for when I saw these words, the light flashed into my mind in an instant, and I understood it all then. The words did not actually say, "You have not acted upon your belief that you were consecrated to God," but they brought me the idea; and comfort came with it. I had given myself to God. I had thought so; I had known it; but I had not acted according to my conviction.

The whole matter seemed so simple to me then that I wondered I had not seen the trouble before. I was his, but I had not realized it nor acted on the fact; and how glad I was and am to feel and know it! It makes everything so easy. He has all the responsibility of caring for me, of training me, and of using me rightly; and I leave it all to him. I simply keep on the watch. Does God want that errand done? I will ask him to use me for it. Does one of his workers need an encouraging and cheering letter? Perhaps God can busy the hand which once was mine, but now is his, with that. And so it is all day long. As soon as one thing is finished, the words, "What wilt thou have me to do?" inquire for the next work; and although some of the tasks are very disagreeable to me in themselves, though sometimes a harder duty is substituted for the one which seemed pleasanter, it is all right. The physical and mental powers, which are his now, must not disobey his will any more than they used to disobey mine.

You don't know how easy I find it to do all these things, nor how thankful I am to be relieved of all responsibility about myself. Christ does so much for me that I love him more than ever; and he gives me the peace and rest I wanted and struggled for so long. And all this happiness has come to me just because I have given myself to Christ "wholly and unreservedly," and not only think so and know so, but act so.—*Sunday-school Times.*

A WORD TO PRIMARY TEACHERS.

MRS. JULIA A. TERHUNE.

Opportunities for helping others come to us, tarry for a while, and then pass away. If we neglect them, time will bring them back to us no more. This truth comes very close to the hearts of all thoughtful primary teachers. Their opportunities for helping the dear children seem to tarry such a little while before they pass away forever. The moments for teaching are so few and short, when compared with the hours of the week in which too often the teaching is undone by baleful home influences. The time for promotion into the main school seems to come so soon, just when the teacher begins to feel she has some hold on the mind and heart, just when the passing years have brought more intelligence and some degree of thoughtfulness and decision.

With this thought of the necessity for haste in improving our opportunities in our work with children, comes another of equal solemnity, and that is, the uncertainty as to when the responsibility of the child begins. It is freely admitted that there comes a time when each person becomes himself responsible unto God. When does it come? None can tell; none can say how early! It may come to the little child we in our ignorance thought too young to understand much of Jesus and his work in the heart.

A teacher who stands before her class, impelled by these motives, can not fail to do good work, because she will not stand there in her own strength, or to speak her own words, but those only which are given her by the Holy Spirit, and she thus can confidently claim and expect a blessing. Such a teacher will aim to deepen and fasten in every possible way the impressions of the hour.

Sometimes, after speaking of the promises of Jesus to be with those who gather "in His name," I have, in low and solemn tones, asked him to come and be one in our midst that day, to be close beside every child. Such a feeling of his presence has come over the class that it seemed as though we could almost see him there "in his beauty." I have had frequent testimony that the influence of such an hour has gone with many children to their homes, affecting their entire conduct during the week.

The following letter, sent to the mother of each new scholar, I have found productive of most excellent results:

"DEAR MRS. SMITH: I am very glad to welcome your little Mabel to the primary class of Westminster church. I will do all I can to help you train her for heaven. Will you help me by having her regular at Sunday-school, by teaching her the Golden Text, and by praying for the class and for the teacher? You will be very welcome in the class at any time. Please notify me if Mabel is sick, or if I can help you in any way." (Closing with the full name and address of the teacher.)

To save unnecessary trouble I had this letter printed, with blanks for all names, which are easily filled out by an assistant during the session of the school.

I encourage in every possible manner the learning of the Golden Text at home, because it not only stores the minds of the children with God's Word, but compels somebody at home to teach it to them, and as God has promised that his "Word shall not return unto him void," it may, through the blessing of his Spirit, be a means of grace to some who could be reached in no other way.

I give these few suggestions simply as the result of my own experience during years of primary work, hoping they may be of use to some one.—*Westminster Teacher.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 27, 1892.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Isaiah 40:1-10.

(Quarterly Missionary Lesson.)

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together."—Isaiah 40:5.

HOME READINGS.

M. Isaiah 40:1-10.—The Blessings of the Gospel.
T. Isaiah 42:1-13.—Christ and His Gospel.
W. Isaiah 60:1-14.—The Church's Glory.
Th. Isaiah 61:1-11.—The Blessings of the Faithful
F. Isaiah 62:1-12.—"Behold, thy Salvation Cometh."
S. Isaiah 65:17-25.—A New Heaven and a New Earth.
S. 1 Peter 1:13-25.—The Word Preached by the Gospel.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Promise of Comfort. vs. 1, 2.
II. The Preparation of Christ. vs. 3-8.
III. The Messengers of the Gospel. vs. 9, 10.

TIME.—About B.C. 712; Hezekiah king of Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

This chapter is closely connected with the last verses of the preceding chapter. Having there predicted the captivity in Babylon, the prophet now proceeds to comfort the true church, the Israel of God, with the assurance that these national judgments shall not destroy it. A glorious change awaits the church in a new and gracious manifestation of Jehovah's presence and favor, for which his people are exhorted to prepare.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *My people*—the true, spiritual Israel. 2. *Jerusalem*—the church. *Her warfare*—time of hard service; the old dispensation of burdensome rites. The continuance of the ceremonial system and the hardships of the old dispensation are here, as elsewhere, represented as chastisements due to the defections of the chosen people, notwithstanding which they should continue to exist, and in a far more glorious character, not as a national church, but as a spiritual church set free from ritual and local fetters. *Accomplished*—at an end. 3. *The voice of him that crieth*—applied in Matt. 3:3; Mark 1:3; Luke 3:4; to John the Baptist. *Prepare the way*—remove every obstruction. 4. *Every valley shall be exalted*—a straight and level and plain highway shall be opened for the coming of the Lord. 5. *The glory of the Lord shall be revealed*—as soon as the way is thus prepared, the Lord will show himself in his might and glory. *All flesh shall see it*—Luke 3:6, with which compare Luke 2:30. The glory of the Lord in Christ and the blessings of his gospel shall fill the whole earth. There are many indications that Christ shall one day be known and loved and honored by all men, but our strongest assurance of this great fact is that *the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.* 6-8. These verses contrast the short-lived, precarious favor of man and the infallible word of God. Man's word may fail, but *the word of our God shall stand forever*; and therefore all these promises are sure. 1 Peter 1:23-25. 9. *O Zion, that bringest good tidings*—in prophetic vision, the preparations have all been made and the glory of the Lord is about to be revealed. Zion, Jerusalem, is made the herald of the good news; the church is called upon to *proclaim* as well as to *receive* the glad tidings. *Behold your God!* To the Church, in the person of his ministers, our Lord gave the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Repentance and remission of sins must be preached in his name among all nations. The Revised Version and many expositors read, "Thou that tellest good tidings to Zion." We retain the rendering of the Common Version. Compare Isa. 2:3. 10. *With strong hand*—Revised Version, "As a mighty one." *His arm shall rule for him*—Messiah shall triumph over all. Psalm 72:7, 11, 17, 19.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Isaiah? How long did he exercise the prophetic office? What is the general character of his prophecies? (See Opening Words, Lesson I.) Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE PROMISE OF COMFORT. vs. 1, 2.—What are God's ministers directed to do? What comforting assurances are they to give? Who are here represented by *Jerusalem*? Meaning of *her warfare is accomplished*? How do you explain the last clause of verse 2.

II. THE PREPARATION FOR CHRIST. vs. 3-8.—What proclamation is made? To whom is this passage applied in the gospels? What future coming of the Lord is here foretold? How shall the way be prepared for it? What will follow these preparations? To whom shall the glory of the Lord be revealed? What assurance have we that this prediction shall be fulfilled? What comparison is here made of man's frailty and God's word? What *preparation for Christ* are we called upon to make?

III. THE MESSENGERS OF THE GOSPEL. vs. 9, 10.—Who are now called upon to proclaim the good tidings? What message are they to proclaim? Who are here represented by *Zion* and *Jerusalem*? Meaning of *Behold your God*? Explain verse 10. What is our duty with regard to Christ's coming and kingdom?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ's ministers should bear messages of comfort to his people.
2. We should prepare our hearts for the reception of the Gospel.
3. The glad tidings of the gospel are to be proclaimed to all the ends of the earth.
4. Christ's glory shall be revealed to all men, and the blessings of his gospel be extended to all.
5. His people, the church, must live and labor and pray, that the glory of the Lord may be thus revealed.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What message does the Lord give his ministers for his people? Ans. Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
2. What proclamation is made? Ans. Prepare ye the way of the Lord.
3. What great promise is given? Ans. The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.
4. What assurance have we that this promise will be fulfilled? Ans. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, and the word of our God shall stand forever.
5. What must Christ's people do to hasten the fulfilment of this promise? Ans. They must become messengers of the gospel to all the world.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

LESSON I.—APRIL 3, 1892.

THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Psalm 1:1-6.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."—Psalm 1:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psalm 1:1-6.—The Way of the Righteous.
T. Psalm 37:1-20.—The Days of the Upright.
W. Psalm 119:1-8.—The Undefiled in the Way.
Th. Psalm 119:33-48.—Delight in the Law.
F. Prov. 4:14-27.—The Path of the Just.
S. Jer. 17:5-14.—"Planted by the Waters."
S. Psalm 125:1-5.—Good to the Good.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Blessedness of the Righteous. vs. 1, 2.
II. The Fruitfulness of the Righteous. vs. 3, 4.
III. The Safety of the Righteous vs. 5, 6.

TIME.—Probably about B.C. 1010; David king of Israel.

PLACE.—Probably written by King David in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The book of Psalms was the hymn-book of the ancient Jewish church. More than half of the entire collection was written by David. The ninetieth, which is ascribed to Moses, is doubtless the oldest. None of them are later than the times of Ezra and Nehemiah. The first Psalm, which *we are now to study*, was probably written by David. It forms an appropriate introduction to the collection.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Blessed*—literally, "the blessednesses." The plural expresses fullness and variety. *Walketh.....standeth.....sitteth*—mark the gradation. When men begin a course of sin, they go from bad to worse. 2. *The law of the Lord*—the written word of God. Josh. 1:18; Psalm 119:97. 3. *A tree*—a favorite emblem of the godly man. Isa. 61:3; 65:22; Jer. 17:8; John 15:1. *By the rivers of water*—by streams that flow from an unfailing fountain. *Fruit in his season*—the fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace (Gal. 5:22, 23), and every good word and work (2 Cor. 9:8; John 15:8). 4. *Like the chaff*—which, by eastern modes of winnowing against the wind, was utterly blown away, or burned. Job 21:18; Psalm 35:5; Matt. 3:12. 5. *Therefore*—because of their worthlessness. *Stand in the judgment*—be acquitted. They shall be banished from the company of the godly. 6. *Knoweth*—approves, regards with ever-watchful care and love. *The way of the righteous*—his whole life, his thoughts, words, deeds (Psalm 37:18; Nahum. 1:7); a way that ends in life eternal. Prov. 4:18. *The way of the ungodly shall perish*—shall end in final and complete destruction. Psalm 146:9; Prov. 4:19.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What does the book of Psalms contain? By whom was the first Psalm probably written? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS. vs. 1, 2.—What is the first declaration of this Psalm? What does the righteous man not do? Meaning of the three terms here used? In what is his delight? In what does he meditate? Meaning of *the law of the Lord*? Why should we keep out of the company of the wicked? Wherein consists *the blessedness of the righteous*?

II. THE FRUITFULNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS. vs. 3, 4.—What is the righteous man like? In what respects? Meaning of *fruit in his season*? How may we bear fruit in season? John 15:1-8. What is the fruit of the Spirit? Gal. 5:22, 23. What is said of the ungodly? In what respect do they differ from the righteous?

III. THE SAFETY OF THE RIGHTEOUS. vs. 5-6.—How does the end of the righteous differ from this? Why is the way of the righteous a safe way? How does Solomon describe the way of the just? Prov. 4:18. What is said of the way of the wicked?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The way of the righteous is the way to blessedness.
2. Those who walk therein will daily become more pure and happy and useful.
3. The way of the righteous ends in eternal blessedness.
4. The way of the wicked is a downward path, leading from bad to worse.
5. It ends in certain and everlasting destruction.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Whom does the Psalmist pronounce blessed? Ans. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
2. In what does the righteous man delight? Ans. His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3. What shall he be like? Ans. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
4. What is said of the ungodly? Ans. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5. What is the final contrast between the ways of the righteous and of the ungodly? Ans. The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CICELY'S IMPROMPTU LUNCHEON.

Cicely was perfectly sincere when she told Mrs. Norcross and Nina that she was glad to see them, but she did wish they had come some other day!

"What a charming room!" Mrs. Norcross had exclaimed, on entering Cicely's parlor. "It has such a—a comfortable appearance; which is a great thing to any one as tired as I am, I do assure you."

"Take off your things and have a good rest," the young hostess urged; "let me lay your bonnet in the next room, and then you try this cosy armchair while I make you a cup of tea."

They protested that they could not think of troubling her, that they had not planned to come to lunch, that this was only a wedding-call, but Cicely, laughing, refused to let them be so ceremonious. She had met them, her husband's favorite aunt and cousin, only two or three times before she and Tom were married, and had taken quite a fancy to them, being quite unconscious that Mrs. Norcross did not approve of her, hoping that her nephew would espouse some domestic girl instead of a rich man's only daughter who had been brought up to a life of luxury only to find herself penniless at her father's death, two years before.

"Here are some books which were among my wedding presents; you may like to look over them, for I must ask you to excuse me a moment or two while I step into the kitchen," said Cicely.

"Have you a good girl?" Mrs. Norcross asked.

"Oh, we don't keep one yet; all our things are new, you know, and our little flat is a very convenient one, so as there is only Tom and me to cook for I get on alone."

"Poor Tom!" murmured Mrs. Norcross to Nina, when they were alone.

"Oh, dear, why did they come to-day, of all days!" was Cicely's mental plaint, as, like Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, and found it almost bare. To be sure, there was a bone there, but not much else. Tom could not be home to dinner to-day, and they were to go to his mother's to take tea and stay the night (as she lived out of town), so Cicely had refrained from doing much cooking as she did not want good food to be prepared merely to be wasted. She prided herself on her coffee, and all Tom's family were coffee lovers; she had a nice mince pie which her mother-in-law had sent her, therefore, it surely would meet Mrs. Norcross' approval; a plump loaf of bread which was very good; half a pint of oysters which she had intended to pickle; plenty of crackers; the bone of a leg of mutton, boiled day before yesterday; one solitary onion; two potatoes, a pint or so of cold boiled rice, and a number of rather small turnips! Not even an egg, but plenty of coffee, sugar, butter and condensed milk. Scanty store from which to furnish a dainty luncheon!

"Those blessed oysters! I'll have an oyster chowder," she said to herself. "And there is mutton enough on this bone for at least four Turkish croquettes. Well, they'll not starve, anyway."

Taking a small agateware kettle, she made her chowder: first she browned two thin slices of salt pork, and then about a third of her onion, which was not very large; then she put in a layer of crackers, then three oysters, dusting them well with salt and a little white pepper, then a few slices of potato; she repeated these layers until her kettle was nearly full; lastly she poured in a cupful of milk and enough cold water to thoroughly cover the top layer. This she set on the stove where it would soon boil; as soon as it began to do so she set it back a little, so that it would not boil too hard and thus make a mush of the cracker and potato.

Now she turned her attention to the croquettes, the recipe for these was given to her by the daughter of one of our missionaries to Turkey. She selected four turnips of about the same size and washed them carefully; slicing the top off each, she scraped out the contents until there was left a mere shell of the turnip, half an inch thick; these cavities she filled with a mixture of rice and finely-chopped mutton, in nearly equal quantities, flavored with plenty of salt and just a hint of red pepper and onion; putting on top a piece of butter the size of a large grain of corn, she set on, as a cover, the pieces she had sliced from the top of the turnips and then set them in a buttered pan and put them in the oven to bake.

Now the table had to be set; this was easily made attractive with the many pieces of china, silver and glassware which had been given to her at her wedding. The dessert gave her no anxiety, for she was sure of the toothsomeness of her mince pie, until she suddenly remembered that one of the whims of Tom's family was that no pie or pudding was complete without cheese; and her stores revealed only two hard crusts, as she glanced at them there came into her mind a charming tea table at which she had once been a guest in Baltimore, where grated cheese was one of the relishes, and down from its nail came a new grater and in a few moments she had a glass dish full of feathery, grated cheese.

When the half-hour allowed for the chowder to boil was nearly exhausted, she prepared her coffee according to the rule her mother had given her. One tablespoonful of ground coffee to each cupful expected to be consumed was put into the pot and covered with an equal number of cupfuls of cold water, and one extra for each fourth cup. This was set to boil, and when it had boiled exactly four minutes, half the dried shell of a raw egg was added and half a cupful of cold water to each four cups of the beverage; then the pot was set on a cool part of the stove for a short time, not more than five minutes. If the best of coffee is used this will not fail to make clear, strong coffee, fit for a king.

Mrs. Norcross and Nina expressed hearty appreciation of the oyster chowder and of the Turkish croquettes, which was a new dish to them. The skin of the turnips had assumed a delicate brown during the time they were in the oven and as they were not to be eaten, merely to be considered shells to hold and flavor the mutton and rice, the fact that they were anything so plebeian as turnips was lost sight of. Grated cheese, also, was a "new joy" to them, and Mrs. Norcross paid Cicely the compliment of asking her what sort of coffee she used and just how she made it, adding, "Until now I supposed you had to have boiling water ready to pour on the ground coffee and I've kept house twenty-three years! Well, 'live and learn,' sure enough."

Two days later, Tom said to his wife, "Why, little woman, what sort of kickshaws did you concoct the day Aunt Ann and Nina were here to luncheon? Mother has just told me that they said they were right royally feasted, that I had got the best sort of a housekeeper for a wife. Such remarks from Aunt Ann mean something, I can tell you. What extravagance did you run me into?"

How he laughed when she told him of the seeming bareness of her larder, and added, "But you see I was not so inhospitable as to apologize for any lack, for that would make it look as if I were sorry they had come. I gave them the best I had and am glad that they were satisfied."

"That was good common sense; sometimes when I've gone home to tea with a fellow, I've felt as if I were an intruder, my hostess would apologize so profusely for not having this, that, or the other; I felt as if I were not welcome, and wished I hadn't accepted my friend's invitation."—*Frances Ellen Wadleigh, in the Household.*

SPOILED CHILDREN.

Spoiled children are not the product of effete civilization. They have always existed, literally since the beginning of our race, for the first child was Cain, and in the light of his subsequent career, we cannot doubt that Eve allowed the wonderful little creature his own way in everything. Original sin was then so new, so fresh, that the baby had it in its undiluted potency, and the young mother, most hapless of women, never had a mother of her own to guide and instruct her. Other instances of spoiled children could be easily cited from the Scripture records—Jacob, his mother's darling, and Absalom, the pride of David's heart, coming at once to mind—but it is not necessary to turn to the past, we have the species always with us; perhaps in our own homes may be found choice, well-developed specimens.

There are rigid disciplinarians who believe that a child should never be permitted to have its own way, even when that way is a good one, neither injurious to itself nor disagreeable to others. Were theirs the universal rule originality would be totally suppressed, and the law of love become obsolete. Brought up in the frigid atmosphere of sternness and constant repression, a child may learn to behave with perfect propriety, but it is none the less a failure, and a pitiable one.

The little ones are entitled to loving care, to tender caresses, and sweet words of endearment. It is only when love becomes injudiciously indulgent that the process of spoiling begins. It is so pleasant and easy to give way to little exactions, to laugh at the naughty yet winsome actions, that the rosebud is surrounded with prickly thorns, the kitten's sharp claws are grown before we awaken to the fact that our own precious darling is a high private at least, if not a commanding officer, in the great army of *enfants gates*. It sounds better in French—the foreign syllables are less downright—but there is no softening the hard reality away. And then, with a remorseful consciousness that it is our child who has become a "nuisance"—the favorite term applied to the spoiled children of other people—we enter hurriedly and energetically upon the task of rooting up the noxious weeds which are choking the growth of all that is sweet and attractive in the youthful character. And with a sigh of contrition we deplore our own failures, and resolve to be more vigilant. We will not, we must not, let the little darlings be ruined by our inefficiency. And so, taking courage, we begin over again, looking cheerfully forward to the days when, as grandmothers, we can exercise the privileges of that dignity, and spoil to our heart's content.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BED SLIPPERS FOR CHILDREN.

Two little pairs of bed slippers greet me when I go round the last thing at night to tuck up my darlings, and leave a good-night kiss on their warm little faces. Those little bed slippers have seen service, for the children jump into them the first thing in the morning, instead of pattering about the room with their little bare feet. I feel confident that they have saved them many a cold, and I count my own pair as one of the comforts and necessaries of life. Felt slippers can be purchased for this use, but the home-made ones, crocheted or knitted, with warm, lamb's wool soles, are preferable. The making of these slippers is pleasant pick-up work, and the children are delighted with them as presents. Keep them near the bed at night, where they can be slipped into at a moment's notice.

CARE OF TABLE LINEN.

In buying tablecloths and napkins it is always best to get good quality. Not only will it wear much longer, but it gives the table a richer appearance than an inferior quality of linen. Have plenty of changes and never use a tablecloth or napkin until badly soiled, thereby necessitating more rubbing to get it clean and consequently more wear on the material.

Never put table linen into soapsuds until it has had all stains removed by pouring boiling water through them. This will remove all stains but iron rust; for that sprinkle on oxalic acid, wetting the spot with cold water. Rub gently between the hands and it will gradually disappear. If obstinate, repeat the process. A stain is very unsightly, and upon an otherwise nice cloth detracts greatly from its appearance. The scalding should not be neglected if a spotless expanse of white is desired.

Table linen should be rubbed lightly and always wrung by hand; a wringer makes creases which are hard to iron out. Blue lightly but do not starch. Stiffened linen is an abomination.

Never allow tablecloths to hang on the line in a strong wind. The hems will become frayed at the corners, and a general limpness be the result. Nothing is so wearing to all linen and cotton cloth as "switching" in the wind from a clothesline.

When signs of wear appear, it is much better to darn back and forth with threads of the linen from the trimmings which should have been saved when the cloth was made up than to put on a patch. A darn can be so skilfully managed that scarcely a trace of its presence can be detected, at the same time strengthening the worn place until it is as strong as the rest, while a patch, be it ever so skilfully applied, is a patch still, and easily detected.

Carving and tea cloths save much of the wear at the edges of the table, and where there are small children cloths are made of butcher's linen, stamped and etched with floss, either white or colored, as one may fancy, to be placed under the plate as a protection to the tablecloth. Very young children, if allowed at table, should be provided with oilcloth or rubber bibs of sufficient size to allow of being placed underneath the plate. The most reckless little one cannot smear the table cloth if protected in this manner.—*Housekeeper.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

ADHESIVE PLASTER.—To make adhesive plaster, add one ounce of French isinglass to one pint of warm water and stir it until it dissolves, then add five cents worth of tincture of arnica, and ten cents worth of pure glycerine. Tack a piece of white or black silk on a board and paint it over with this mixture.

BREAD-CRUMB OMELET.—This is excellent if served with roast lamb or veal. One pint of bread crumbs, a large spoonful of parsley, rubbed very fine, half a tiny onion chopped very fine. Beat two eggs light, add a teacupful of milk, a trace of nutmeg, pepper and salt liberally; also a lump of butter the size of an egg. Mix all together and bake in a slow oven, on a buttered pie plate; when light brown, turn it out, and serve at once.

ESCALLOPED APPLE.—Put alternate layers of soft bread crumbs, sliced apple, sugar, bits of butter and spice or nutmeg in a buttered pudding dish. Have a thick layer of bread crumbs moistened with melted butter on top. Use one-half a cupful of sugar, one saltspoonful of cinnamon, spice or nutmeg, and a little grated rind or juice or lemon for a three pint dish. Bake one hour, or until the apples are soft and the crumbs brown. Cover at first to avoid burning.

PRUNE PUDDING.—Put a layer of sliced bread or biscuit, first dipped well in boiling sweet milk, in a baking dish, then a layer of prunesauce made as for eating, only seeding the prunes, then bread, and so on till the dish is full, bread on top, having sprinkled each layer with a little sugar; pour over this the prune juice and the remainder of the scalded milk. To make it richer, bits of butter may be added to each layer; bake in moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. When cold turn it out in a dish and spread whipped cream on top, or it may be eaten hot with a sauce or spoonful of whipped cream to each dish. Nice, prepared on Saturday for a cold Sunday dinner.

PUZZLES NO. 5.

BEHEADED RHYME.

A brown and skilful boatman
Plies his delightful * * * * *.
And over the smooth waters
Daily propels his * * * *,
Yet he is ever watchful
For dangers fore and * * *.

RIDDLE.

I made a beautiful fire, which Ethel admired all the evening; she heard me in the night, and she feared there were robbers about; she took a sail in me the next morning, which was most enjoyable.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a flower that was worn by each side,
When Lancaster and York did old England divide;
And whether 'twas white, or whether 'twas red,
It showed whom the wearer desired as a head.
My *second's* the name of a beautiful queen,
Who, though she be pitied, was guilty, I ween,
And another, her namesake, quite cruel was shown
When she came to succeed to her proud father's throne.
My *whole* is a sweet-smelling plant.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The father of the strongest man.
2. The name by which the oldest ship of which we read is called.
3. A disciple who believed in Christ's resurrection on the evidence of his senses.
4. A convert of St. Paul, whose mother and grandmother are mentioned in an epistle.
5. A king of Tyre who was a lover of David.
6. The name of a cave connected with the fortunes of David.
7. A liquor miraculously provided by Christ.

Put together the initial letters of each word, and you have the name of a man who wrote about our Lord.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

A	rso	N
R	is	E
B	la	B
O	a	R
R	os	A
D	res	S
A	u	K
Y	o	A

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.—1st line, buts; 2nd line, nuts; 3rd line, learn; 4th line, turn; 5th line, yore; 6th line, moro; 7th line, old; 8th line, told; 9th line, September fourteen; 10th line, mean; 11th line, nuts; 12th line, abuts; 13th line, part; 14th line, apart; 15th line, them; 18th line, old; 20th line, bless; 21st line, say; 22d line, Holyrood day.

CHARADE.—"Overcome."—See Numbers 13.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Phil, Adelphi, Ai, Philadelphia.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from R. J. Butehart.

The Family Circle.

A GIRL'S THEORY.

BY MARY TOWLE PALMER.

Lucy drew back and shook her curly head. Her mouth was tightly shut and expressed a determination worthy of Cæsar.

"Lucy," said her aunt, with a pleading emphasis on the first syllable, "you will dust the parlor this morning, won't you?" And she held forth a duster, hoping that the young girl would relent, as she sometimes did. But anyone could see that this time she had no such intention. She did not look cross, however; she only showed a dimple and tossed her head.

"No, Aunt Jane, I couldn't," said she, and then she turned and ran up-stairs to her own room.

Miss Jane was an intelligent-looking young woman of perhaps thirty years. She expected company to-day, and she must bake the cake herself and straighten out the house from top to bottom, in order to be free afterwards to entertain her guest, for the one maid servant would have enough in attending to the plain cooking and the ironing. Well, well! But that was not the worst of it. Aunt Jane was troubled about Lucy's morals. A tall, active, rosy girl of fifteen, full of energy and capacity, and yet so selfish as to refuse to lift a finger for the good of others! It was melancholy enough. While Miss Jane whisked and dusted and made the parlor shine all over, Lucy, up in her room, cheerfully hummed a tune as she took from her writing-desk a sheet of paper, sharpened a pencil, and then sat herself down, determined to write a story. She felt, under an obligation to do something remarkable to pay for having been so disobliging. Lucy had a theory that useful people were always uninteresting, but that if she economized herself, as it were, and kept herself free from the toils and moils of the ordinary mass of mankind, she should become a remarkable person in the course of time. She had never confided this theory to her aunt; if she had it would have cleared away numerous mysteries which at present weighed heavily upon her mind. She supposed that each refusal came from momentary laziness, whereas no one liked activity better than Lucy, when the occasion seemed to her a worthy one.

The scenery out of doors was beautiful this morning and Lucy's desk faced the window. It was impossible to help looking out upon the sunny fields and the feathery elms before her, so that after two hours had gone by Lucy found that just half a page of manuscript lay on her desk, as the fruit of her morning's work, and this she had read over and over so many times that she could not possibly tell whether it had any meaning in it or not. A ring at the door gave her an excuse for jumping up joyfully from her seat, tossing away her tiresome paper, and running down stairs.

"I'll go to the door, Auntie!" she called

Her aunt's expected guest had arrived, and a very bright and attractive vision she was. She seemed a young woman of about twenty-five, with a slim, stylish figure and a golden knot of hair, surmounted by a small mystery of a bonnet. She was complete. Lucy felt at once that this young lady knew and did everything that was brilliant and admirable. She gave in her allegiance then and there.

Perhaps, in her worldly little heart, she drew a contrast between this shining figure and that of her commonplace and merely useful aunt, who now came hurrying forward and threw her arms warmly around the new-comer.

"This does me good!" she exclaimed, looking into the fresh face she had just been kissing. "Come in here and let me look at you. Why, Angela, you look younger every year."

For a moment the two friends quite forgot Lucy's presence, and then her aunt drew her forward and introduced her as "The niece of whom you have heard, who has been with me for the past month and is, I hope, to be my companion for a year, while her mamma is in Europe getting well."

Lucy did not relish this prospect in the least, still she greeted Miss Angela very prettily. Her thoughts, meanwhile, ran in this wise; "Miss Angela, you must see at once how uncongenial a companion my aunt is for a bright girl like me. I look forward to receiving great sympathy from you." Lucy was obliged to go and confess to herself, however, that just at present the guest seemed entirely absorbed with aunt Jane, and had a meagre amount of attention to bestow upon the most charming of nieces.

There were two things that made it somewhat difficult to produce an impression upon Miss Angela Lane. One was a little fact in philosophy which Lucy could not be expected to have yet discovered; namely, that an impression can be made more easily when the one making it is doing something else. The other fact was that Angela was so devoted to her friend Jane Brown that she seemed almost unconscious of the existence of Lucy Delaye.

Lucy had drawn around her a circle of friends of her own age, from the best material the village afforded—the doctor's daughter, the minister's two, and the lawyer's dignified grandchildren, who were glad to patronize a stylish girl from New York. To these she confided frankly how uninteresting she considered her aunt, how surprised she was that Miss Angela seemed to like that plain individual, and also how she, Lucy, found the visitor (who evidently knew "what was what") very congenial.

Miss Angela had been in Longdale for a week. It was another beautiful June morning and Lucy was ready to dance with the delight of living. She tripped lightly into the parlor to see what was going on, and there she encountered Angela, her print dress tucked up, and her cheeks glowing, while in her hand she wielded Lucy's dingy enemy, the duster.

"Oh, Lucy, I'm glad you have come. If you will finish dusting the parlor for me, I can go up and be making the beds and then we can all be through earlier."

Lucy caught her breath. "Dust the parlor for you"—she began, and she was tempted not only to seize the duster, but to kiss the little white hand that handed it to her.

Angela continued rubbing the leg of a table as if she had no time for talking; that being finished she held her implement towards the hesitating girl. By this time Lucy's self-possession had returned.

"No, thank you, Miss Angela," she said, sweetly, "I'm not in the habit of doing such things." And for a moment she realized how inconvenient an article one's dignity may become; for Miss Angela's eyebrows went up with a slightly amused smile. Lucy darted to the kitchen in search of her aunt, and found there the odor of sponge drops just out of the oven.

"Oh, Lucy, dear," said her aunt, "my friend and I are going off for a day in the woods. You may have any two friends you please to take dinner with you and keep you company while we are gone."

But Lucy did not like to be "shed" in this matter-of-course way; besides, she could not bear to think that Miss Angela would be gone so many hours and give her no chance to explain why she had seemed disobliging; so she said, wistfully,

"I wish I could go with you, aunt Jane."

"Why, dear child, so you shall, if you wish. I thought it would be dull for you, with two elders like us."

"Not with her," murmured Lucy.

"How glad I am that you like her so much," said Miss Jane; and her niece went dancing to her room, full of anticipations for the day. Perhaps she would have a chance to tell Miss Angela about her desire to write a story, and perhaps Miss Angela would ask her to read what she had written, and in this way she would be able to show Miss Angela how inappropriate it was to expect her to do drudgery, as if she were a common girl!

Lucy's room was across the hall; on the other side were two large square chambers connecting, the guest room and her aunt's. Lucy left her door open as she went in, but happened herself to be just behind it in the closet, when she heard the two ladies come chatting up stairs. This may have been the reason why Miss Angela, supposing no one to be within hearing, called out cheerily to Miss Jane, who was in her own apartment—each standing before her respective mirror in a dressing sacque.

"Jennie!"

"Yes?"

"Forgive me for being so frank, but what an uninteresting child your niece is!"

A great wave of crimson surged into Lucy's face as she heard this and she dropped weakly into a chair and became as still as a mouse.

"Oh, no, not uninteresting," called back Miss Jane's voice, with an anxious tone in it. "Not uninteresting, but,—"

"I must be firm," answered Miss Angela's silvery tones. "For you know uninteresting and uninterested are synonymous terms, and—now, what is she interested in?"

There was a pause.

"Well," said Miss Jane, presently, "I don't quite know yet."

"She's old-fashioned," announced Miss Angela's voice, accompanied by the shutting of a bureau drawer, "behind the times, you know."

Lucy winced—the very thing she was not!

"Angela," Lucy heard her aunt say, "haven't you noticed, though, that sometimes the dear little thing has the brightest look on her face?"

Lucy could bear no more. She slid into the closet, where she shut out the voices by burying her face in the skirt of a dress. Whether she was grateful to her aunt for defending her or whether she was angry with the whole world and every one in it, she did not know. At all events, she should never have courage to issue forth from that closet any more. Nevertheless she knew the time would come when she must show herself, for she heard the two ladies bustling down stairs and then she heard them seeking her from room to room below. She knew it was only a question of time before she should hear (what now floated up to her) her own name called. She mustered all her voice and answered as naturally as she could, "Oh, aunt Jane, I've decided to have the girls to dinner and stay at home, after all!"

"Very well, dear. Good-by."

The garden gate swung together and Lucy had the day before her. She gazed after the departing figures as they moved along the shady road, Miss Angela's hair catching the sunlight and glistening under her hat, and Miss Jane moving in an elastic fashion which spoke of a daily familiarity with exercise. She saw Miss Angela stop and gather a bunch of wild roses, which she pinned into her companion's dress with the air of one doing homage to a superior. Just after this they passed out of sight in the bend.

Lucy felt perhaps more uncomfortable than ever before in her life, it is so very unpleasant to hear one's self spoken of in uncomplimentary terms! She felt like an outcast, misunderstood and unappreciated. The day was spoiled. How should she employ it? Pleasure was quite out of the question with the words "uninteresting" and "old-fashioned" ringing in her ears. Had they really been applied to her? She felt enraged and then puzzled, and then hurt, and then wretched; and this succession of mental phases, ending in a long cry, occupied the morning. The afternoon brought into her mind a furious determination to write something perfectly wonderful, address it to Miss Angela, and deposit it on her bureau that she might find it on her return and be filled with remorse and shame. If Lucy's life had depended upon convincing Miss Angela of her mistaken judgment, her passionate determination to do it could not have been stronger. "Uninteresting and old-fashioned!"

After Lucy had written her rhyme she was more calm, and catching up her hat she started out for a walk. She had not gone far before she met a gentleman, one whose appearance announced him a stranger in the village. As Lucy approached, his pace slackened, and he accosted her with an apology, asking if she could tell him where Miss Brown lived?

"Which Miss Brown?" asked Lucy, glad to speak, after a day of silence.

"Miss Brown, the authoress," answered the gentleman, fluently. "The one who has written the novel of the year." He spoke as if she must of course know all about it. She was much puzzled.

"There are only two Miss Browns in this place," she said, presently. "One keeps a little baker's shop, and the other—is my aunt."

"May I ask the way to your aunt's?" he said, in a business-like tone.

"You must be in the wrong town," said Lucy, positively.

"I must see Miss Jane Brown, of Longdale, and I don't believe she is a baker," he remarked, with an amused smile, and Lucy obediently showed him where the only person whom she knew of that name lived; but she believed that the gentleman would be much disconcerted when her aunt returned and he discovered his mistake.

While he waited in the parlor he and Lucy gave each other some mutual information.

"Is the Miss Brown whom you are looking for really a great authoress?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, very successful indeed," he answered. "They've just brought out her tenth edition, and that, for an unknown writer, is something unusual."

"Well," said Lucy, meditatively. "My aunt is just a person, just a common, ordinary person, you know."

"She doesn't carry a pen behind her ear, or wear an ink spot on her thumb, eh?" said he, lightly.

Lucy meditated for some moments and ended in a positive tone, "She cannot be the lady you are looking for."

In a short time the lady in question walked in, and the gentleman greeted her with a very low bow, and seemed somewhat awestruck. Miss Jane was dignified and quiet, though her eyes betrayed a certain gleam in their serenity, as she heard the words which he used with regard to her writings. Lucy also heard, in a dazed way, mention of large sums of money. Evidently, this was, after all, the authoress. Angela drew the astonished young girl away to the piazza.

"Miss Angela," said Lucy, in a low voice, "I never knew till this moment that aunt Jane was—anything."

"That she wrote, you mean," said Miss Angela. "No, she has kept it very quiet, but people are gradually finding her out, in spite of all her shyness."

"Miss Angela," said Lucy, again.

"Well?"

"I heard what you said to aunt Jane about me this morning."

"Why, what did I say? I've forgotten."

Lucy gasped a little, before she could bring out the dreadful words: "You said I was uninteresting and old-fashioned," she said, finally, with an effort.

"Oh, my dear, do forgive me," cried Miss Angela, putting her arms about the young girl, kindly, "but your aunt is so wonderful, of course no one can expect to be considered interesting when she is near. Truly, Lucy, I should not be at all annoyed if you said it of me. It is to be expected."

"But what did you mean by 'old-fashioned,' Miss Angela?"

"Well, Lucy, to tell the truth, I meant that you did not seem to be very useful. That used to be the old idea of a lady, you know, to be helpless, but I thought times had changed. But, dear child, it must have sounded very harsh, hearing it in that way. I am so sorry."

Lucy was so relieved! She had feared that the term "old-fashioned" referred to her manners, or her figure, or her taste, or something she could not help; whereas now she had the matter all in her own hands. It occurred to her that if her aunt could be at once useful and great, why, so could she! What a discovery! Her theory was broken to atoms, and Lucy, instead of going into mourning for the loss of it, felt as if a burden had been taken off her shoulders.

As soon as she had a chance she caught her aunt and threw her young arms impulsively and tightly around her.

"Oh, aunt Jane, do let me confess to you. It wasn't because I was disobliging, nor because I was lazy, nor even because I disliked it, that I wouldn't dust the parlor. It was because I had a theory!"

"And what was that?" asked her aunt, greatly delighted. "It takes a brain to have a theory, so I am proud of you."

"I thought," said Lucy, laughing, "that if I made myself useful I could never be great. Wasn't it funny?"

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

Converted at fifteen, a village preacher at sixteen, at twenty the most discussed minister in England, at twenty-four the Metropolitan Tabernacle costing $160,000 begun by his followers, and from the age of twenty-seven until the time of his death never preaching to a congregation of less than six thousand, is a description, brief but accurate, of this remarkable man. Never was the old adage of "ministers' sons" better disproved than in Spurgeon's family. He comes of a staunch Puritan stock, a long, unbroken line of preachers, and his sons are following in his footsteps. At one time, only a few years ago, three generations of Spurgeons were engaged in the Tabernacle service, his father, his brother, his two sons and himself.

Mr. Spurgeon was born in the village of Kelvedon in Essex, and at fifteen was acting as usher in a school at Newmarket. It was at this time that he was converted and joined the Baptist church. The means of his conversion was a sermon preached in a Primitive Methodist church, into which he happened to stray one snowy Sunday, from the words "Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth."

The story of his first sermon is best told in his own words. In introducing once, in 1873, the text "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious," he said, "I remember well that more than twenty-two years ago, the first attempted sermon that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the village of Tavorham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening, and on the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labors."

"Oh, dear," said he, "I never thought of doing such a thing, I was asked to walk with you and I sincerely hope God will bless you in your preaching."

"Nay," said I, "but I never preached and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort."

"We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a trouble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled and no one else there to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age, as I found I was expected to preach, I did preach and from the text I have just given."

Space forbids us more than the most rapid sketch of his career. How from his first charge in Waterbeach, near Cambridge, he went to the New Park street chapel, Southwark, how the congregation soon overflowed its limits, how he preached to crowded audiences in Exeter Hall and Surrey Gardens Music Hall, how the Metropolitan Tabernacle was built and gradually became the centre of the varied Christian activities that now cluster around it require a volume for the telling. He won public esteem, says a recent writer, not because of the straitness of his creed but in spite of it, and because of his devotion to practical good work, and his common-sense philanthropy.

"His physique," remarks the same writer, "was not that of the ideal man of brain and immense energy, for Mr. Spurgeon possessed the latter in a marvellous degree. He was short, about five feet six, fat and puffy; his cheeks 'hung down with fatness,' his teeth projected enough to prevent his closing his lips in pronouncing the letter M, which with him sounded like the letter V. His forehead looked lower and narrower than it really was because his straight black hair grew low upon it. He had no visible neck. He dressed, as did Mr. Beecher, in plain, unclerical garb. Altogether to see him on a platform among other persons you would very excusably mistake Mr. Spurgeon for a decent, well-to-do grocer or dry-goods dealer, with a turn for noting deacon. But the moment he opened his mouth—or rather, the moment he used his voice, for his mouth was always open—you felt the strange charm of its clear, mellow, bell-like tone, so musical, and so distinct in every syllable.

"Intellectually, Spurgeon did not rank with either Wesley, Chalmers, Channing, Theodore Parker, Beecher, or the famous divines of the English church. By temperament and training he took limited views of momentous issues, but his abounding *bonhomie*, his irrepressible geniality, counterbalanced the defects of his mental qualities. In preaching this bubbled up, and in this inspiring quality was the secret of his success and power. Some one applied this flattering phrase, "the Beecher of England," to Dr. Parker. Mr. Spurgeon, however, was more truly "the Beecher of England," because he had all Beecher's rich fund of human nature, enthusiasm for the people and personal devotion to the welfare of the poor.

"He inspired his people to build a noble set of orphanages—one for girls, and the other for boys—long rows of charming cottages, enclosed in spacious grounds, so that the children can be divided into families of 10, and live home lives under the motherly care of a matron in each cottage, these mothers being widows or others of high character, known to Mr. Spurgeon's friends, and who have suffered adversity. There are some 400 of these children, taken from any age and trained for some work until they are 15, when they are placed out and welcomed once a year to share the happy reunion.

"Then he built his pastor's college, which receives young men, generally poorly educated, but they must show quality to suit Mr. Spurgeon. These are thoroughly trained to the ministry, and about ten of the largest and most active Baptist churches in London were built by 'Spurgeon's students,' who are among the most popular and active preachers there. The provinces and the foreign mission fields can show a few hundred more. Mr. Spurgeon has had immense benefactions from many admirers, but he never kept a cent for himself, and he has always given a large share of his income to each of his institutions, of which only two are here named. The social and moral work of his congregation is immense in their densely populated quarters.

"Politically, Mr. Spurgeon was always a Radical, and if he could have exchanged his preaching for political work, he would long ago have been one of the foremost leaders in England. Latterly he disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. He was always a stalwart advocate of the disestablishment movement, though he once wrote this significant opinion: "There is growing up in our dissenting churches an evil which I greatly deplore, a despising of the poor." In his own work and sphere Mr. Spurgeon was a truly devoted helper of the poor in every substantial way.

"Numerous offers, many of them almost fabulous, were made to the celebrated divine to deliver a certain number of lectures in this country, but none of them would tempt him. He had an actual abhorrence of the lecture platform, being content to live on his rather modest stipend of what was generally believed to be $6,000 a year."

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

THE WIDOW'S BOARDER.

The widow of a Baptist minister filled her house with boarders in order to earn her living. Most of the men were workmen in the factories; among them was one man, sixty-six years of age, whose early home was in Rhode Island. Coming to this Western city some fifty years before, he had been identified with it since. He was a good boarder, paid promptly, was obliging; but he worked Sundays as on other days, blasphemous men and professed sceptics were his intimate friends, and every evening after supper he took three friends to his room, and there played cards till late into the night.

The widow was troubled; she could not afford to offend her boarder, nor would it do any good; she prayed much for divine guidance. One day, as she was dusting the room, a sudden inspiration seized her; *and picking up the large family Bible from* another room, she laid it on the table where he always played cards, and breathed a prayer that God might lead him to read it.

He came in that evening very tired, and sat down to rest; noticing the Bible on the table, he opened it carelessly, and began to read; his attention became fixed upon it; he turned over the leaves, and read in different places, then turned back to the beginning, and read in course; he was not aware of the passage of time until he became too drowsy to read more, and found that it was two o'clock in the morning. Marking the place where he left off, he retired, but rose very early and read on until breakfast time; that night he continued, and did so each night and morning until he had read the whole Bible through from Genesis to Revelation. Then he turned back and read the New Testament a second time; and then he went over it again, examining more carefully some passages that he had marked. All this occupied about three months, and when it was done, he sat one evening with the Bible on his knees, thinking of what he had read; and this was his thought: "This book says that if I want my sins forgiven, I must tell God about it and ask him to do it; I don't know how to pray." He reasoned with himself for some time, then formed a resolution, and, laying the Bible upon the chair, he knelt, and in broken language told his Heavenly Father all about it; it did not seem like praying; he was talking to God as he would have done to one of his fellowmen. As he told the story, a new experience befell him; a sense of rest and security crept over him; he became conscious that the one to whom he spoke heard and answered, and he rose to his feet a saved soul.

When Sunday came, instead of going to his toil as usual, he went to morning service; he heard the pastor state that he would be at home on Tuesday morning to receive callers, and would be especially glad to see any one who wished to speak on the subject of religion. On Tuesday, before the pastor had any other callers, this man came in. He told his story in a manly straightforward way, omitting only the fact that the Bible had been purposely laid upon the table, for he was not aware of that. He was puzzled over such passages as that of the standing still of the sun and moon, and about Jonah and the whale; he was like a little child, asking questions about the marvellous things in the Bible. The pastor directed his thoughts to the Gospels, and to Christ as the central thought of the Bible, and showed how some of the dark sayings of Scripture are full of bright symbolism, and teach of Jesus. Years after he alluded to this visit when talking with the same pastor, and compared himself to the man who had caught a bear by the tail, and shouted for some one to help him let go. He did let go of those things that puzzled him, and gave his attention to those he could understand, and began to grow in grace.

He joined the church and said to the pastor, "I do not know what I ought to do, but if you will tell me my duty as a church member I will do it;" and he did; a more faithful, devoted member no church ever had. When he came to the communion table he began to think of some of his old habits, and it seemed to him that the mouth that confessed Christ ought to be a clean mouth; so he threw away his tobacco never to take up the habit again. He was very anxious for his old companions, and within a few years he had the joy of welcoming into the membership of the church some of the very men with whom he used to work on Sundays.

The church and the pastor that he loved decided to move a mile and a half away to a neighborhood of homes and permanent population, leaving a few in a mission church at the old location; he intended to move with them; but just as they were ready to go to the new building, he came to the pastor, and said, "I meant to go with you, but I have been praying over it, and I believe that would be idolatry, and I am going to stay here," and there he is to-day, ten years old, as he says, trying to lead others to Christ, and waiting till the Master calls. All this has resulted from the little act of that poor widow in placing the Bible upon the table where he had been accustomed to play cards. The little acts of the Christian life are great.—*Rev. Dr. Adams of St. Louis, in the Golden Rule.*

WILFUL WASTE.

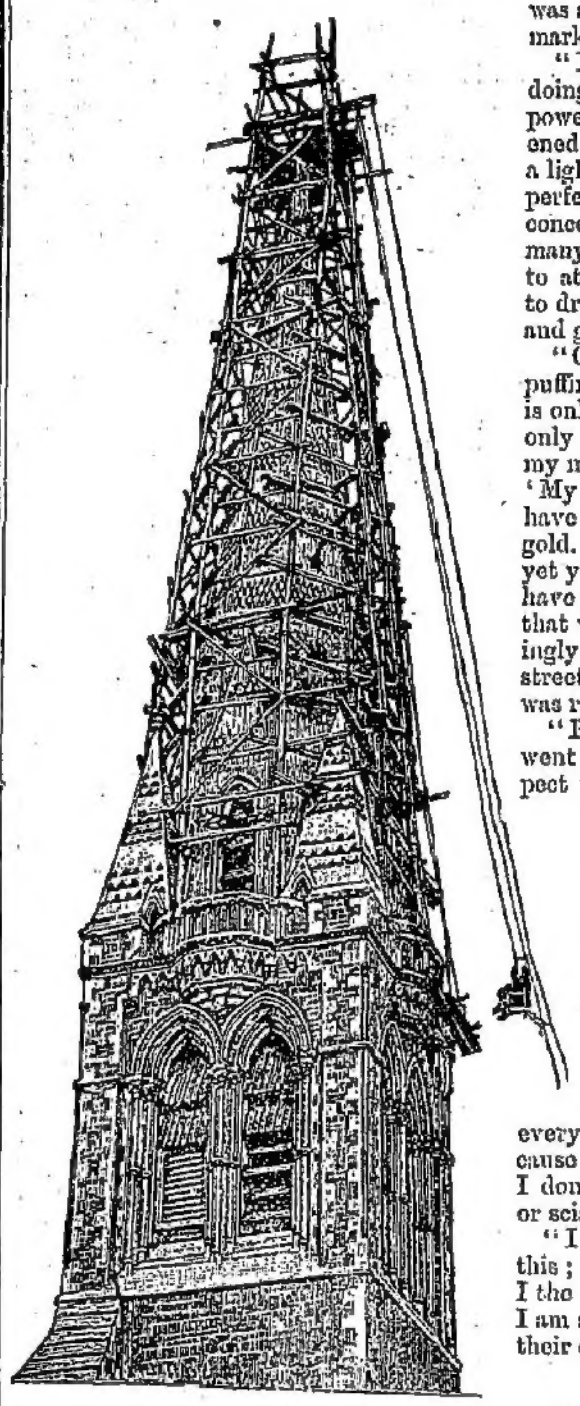
It is stated by the very best authorities that the quantity of food wasted in London alone would be more than sufficient to supply the table requirements of all the starving poor in the Metropolis. Equally certain it is that the waste which goes on in the large establishments and hotels in town is, in a lesser degree, prevalent in the households of the middle classes. From the wasted crumbs and scraps, the odds and ends of food, many good dishes can be prepared, and by means of average ingenuity the housewife is able to present varieties on her bill of fare, at the same time to economize her expenditure for the table. By the introduction of made dishes every scrap can be utilized, but only in very few households is this practice general.—*The Housewife.*

TAUGHT THE BABE TO SMOKE.

A Chicago couple taught their baby a few months old to smoke. The result was idiocy on the part of the baby, and a projected prosecution of the inhuman parents by the Illinois Humane Society. Conviction and punishment should follow hard upon the prosecution. This case is one in which mercy has no place.—*Press.*

Few will feel like extending any mercy to that heartless father; but how about the multitudes of parents who are destroying the nervous system and weakening the moral nature of their children before they are born by poisoning their own blood with nicotine and alcohol?—*N. Y. Witness.*

HE WHO GIVES PLEASURE meets with it; kindness is the bond of friendship and the hook of love; he who sows not, reaps not.



A BISHOP IN THE AIR.

Two years ago the spire of Christ church cathedral, New Zealand, was partly destroyed by an earthquake, and its restoration was at once undertaken by the Rhodes family, who originally built it. This restoration was recently finished; and at the hour appointed for the ceremony of laying the last brick, the ascent of Bishop Julius to the top of the spire was made in a chair attached to a wire rope, precautions being taken to ensure safety as well as rapidity of ascent. Half way up the spire a halt was made, not that there was anything wrong, but that the photographer desired to commemorate the event. On arrival at the top, the brick was "well and truly laid," the trowel used being one which was presented to the bishop by the contractor. It is of solid silver, richly chased on the blade, and the handle is of ivory, fluted. The inscription is as follows:—"Presented by W. Stocks (contractor) to Bishop Julius upon his laying the top brick of the Christ church cathedral spire, August 5, 1891." On the completion of the work the Union Jack was hoisted on the top of the spire.

The foundation stone of the cathedral was laid by Dr. Harper, then Bishop of Christ church, and now the topmost brick has been laid by Bishop Julius, who appears in the chair in our illustration.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW AND THE CIGAR.

Mr. Depew, the well-known orator and railway president, related the following experience of his victory over the cigar:

"I used to smoke twenty cigars a day and continued it until I became worn out. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and physicians that I applied to did not mention tobacco. I used to go to bed at two o'clock in the morning, and wake at five or six. I had no appetite, and was a dyspeptic.

"I was in the habit of smoking at my desk, and thought that I derived material assistance in my work from it. After a time I found that I couldn't do any work without tobacco. I could prepare a brief or argument without tobacco, but still I was harassed by feeling that something was amiss, and the result was not up to the mark.

"I also found that I was incapable of doing any great amount of work. My power of concentration was greatly weakened, and I could not think well without a lighted cigar in my mouth. Now it is perfectly clear that without this power of concentration a man is incapable of doing many things. It is this which enables him to attend to various multifarious affairs, to drop one absolutely, and take up another and give it full attention.

"One day I bought a cigar and was puffing it with a feeling of pleasure which is only possible to the devotee. I smoked only a few minutes and then took it out of my mouth and looked at it. I said to it: 'My friend and bosom companion, you have always been dearer to me far than gold. To you I have ever been devoted, yet you are the cause of all my ills. You have played me false. The time has come that we must part.' I gazed sad and longingly at the cigar, then threw it into the street. I had been convinced that tobacco was ruining me.

"For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony. I never expect to suffer more in this world or the next. I didn't go to any physician or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Possibly a physician might have given me something to soften the tortures. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco, or I would be ruined by it.

"At the end of three months my longing for it abated. I gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I slept well for seven or eight hours every night. I required that amount because of my excessive cerebration. When I don't get it, I am liable to rheumatism or sciatica.

"I have never smoked from that day to this; and while no one knows better than I the pleasures to be derived from tobacco, I am still content to forget them, knowing their effect.—*Evangelical Messenger.*"

HOW TO MARK YOUR BIBLE

Have one to mark, one of your own, one with good print, marginal references, well bound in silk, printed on rice paper that will stand ink. One with a text book bound in the back is the best.

Might as well use other people's hats or shoes as to use other people's Bibles. I'd sell my clothes any day to buy a good one, if I had none.

Mark the first page with your name and your life text, and then add your year text, as the years come and go.

Make memoranda of your conversion, and the dates of great spiritual blessings. If some earnest prayer gets a mighty answer, make a note of it, with a reference to the promise which brought the blessing.

Make the promises stand out by underlining them with ink. When you find a promise for gold, mark that. There are hundreds of Bible verses that centre around Haggai 2:8. I always go to them when in need of money, then work, and it always comes.

Mark the books and chapters; for instance, at the beginning of Exodus write 'Book of Redemption;' over Jeremiah write 'The Backsliders' Book; over James write 'Work;' over the eleventh chapter of Hebrews write 'Faith Chapter;' and Proverbs 31; 'Wife's Chapter,' and so on, till each chapter and book is well marked.

Take the promises for Grace and mark them. Why, II. Corinthians, 9:8, is as powerful as an army. One promise like that is better to trust in than forty centurion bands.

You want the passages marked that will help you in dealing with inquiries of every kind. Then, too, you want the texts that will help you to help weak and discouraged Christians.

When souls come into the light, put their names in your book, then when you see them, pray for them.

Now and then a stanza of some hymn will be so blessed to you that you will want to copy it on the blank pages.

Have some blank pages put in with rubber; when full you can take them out. Also have a place where you can make a note of good illustrations. Lastly, have your own plan; but have one. If you don't make a note of the good things, they will go from you. Put your own name alongside of the best promises; mine is written many times all through my Bible; this makes them more personal to me, and thus the Bible becomes a very precious book. I'd not take a thousand dollars cash for my own Bible. It's priceless.

Don't overdo it. Some Bibles are so marked up, that God's word is second, and human thought, notes and words, first. This is not right.

It's a great thing to preach a big sermon, full of Christ and salvation, but I believe in heaven it will count as much for the one who goes out and gets some lost sinner to come and hear it.—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

JOHN BULL'S DRINK BILL.

The height of each of these figures shows in a striking way the proportionate amounts spent in Great Britain on liquor, necessary food, education, and mission work. Could anything show more clearly the terrible evil of the liquor traffic? Think of it! That enormous amount spent in liquor, when thousands have not bread enough to eat; when thousands of mothers are too poor to buy enough milk for their little children; when there are not schools enough to accommodate children whose fathers are able to pay for their tuition, to say nothing of those whose parents are too poor to give them even enough food and clothing; and when thousands are dying every day never knowing that for them Jesus came down to earth and lived and died, because their more favored brothers are too indifferent to send and tell them the good news. No wonder that the liquor traffic terrorizes, according to Lord Randolph Churchill, two-thirds of the present British House of Commons.

One interesting item of expenditure is missing from this picture. Tobacco should come next to alcoholic liquors instead of bread, as the tobacco bill is only about one third less than the amount spent for liquor.

TO WIN SUCCESS.

A young man who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed when a less brilliant companion who works for another establishment, is advancing very rapidly. The reason probably is, that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works more conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and, when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:—

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well-nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when one afternoon he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question,—

"Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No; full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said:—

"If you want to work half an hour or so, go down-stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well, and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man, and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came up-stairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said the gentleman, somewhat hastily, "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood-pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hello," said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad, "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not; but I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well-brushed for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

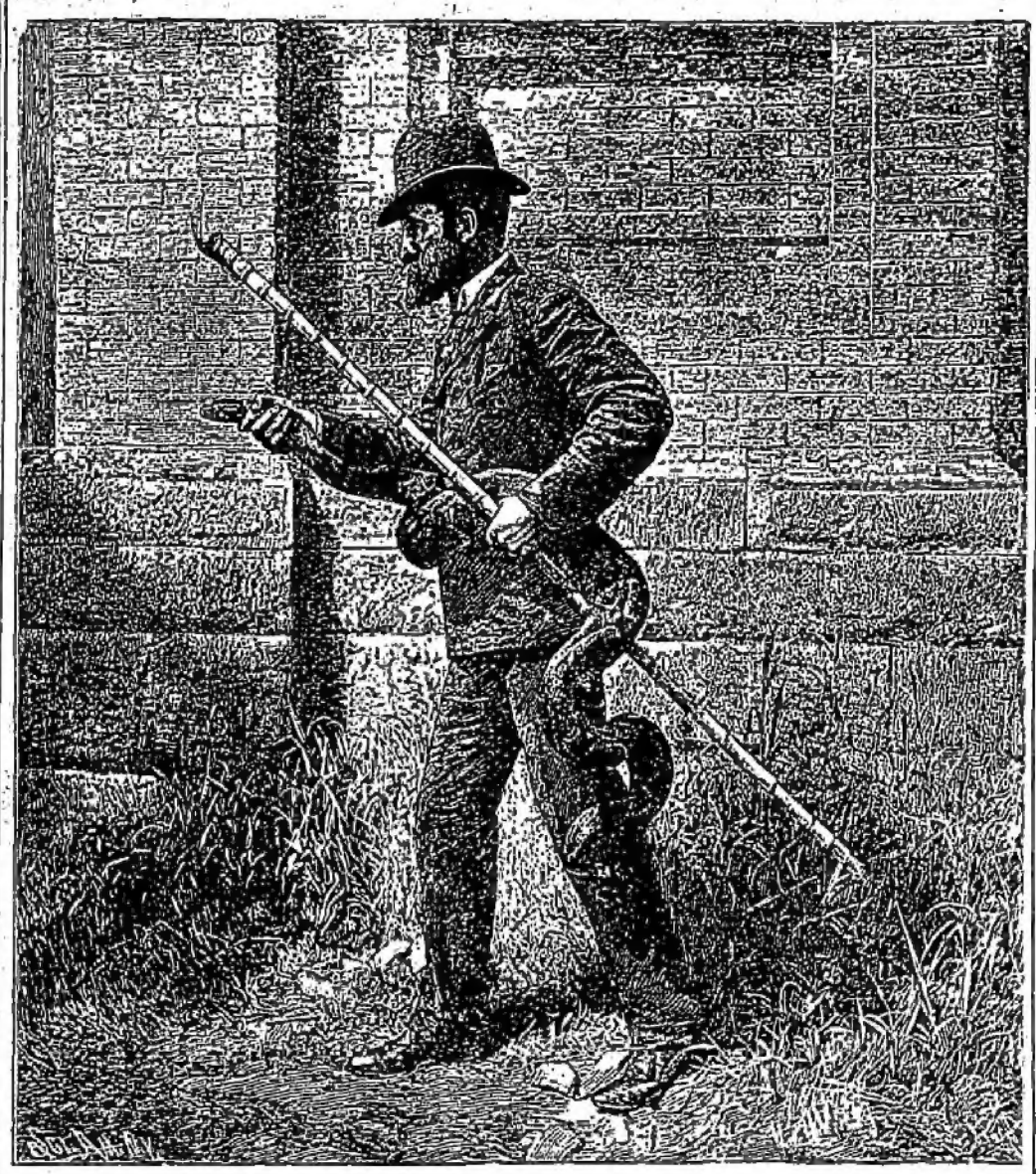
"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here"—writing something on a slip of paper—"take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down-stairs, and—that's all."

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent today is the young man who began by piling kindling-wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced, step by step, and has not yet, by any means, reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer or in some other business house. —*Youth's Companion.*

The Heights of the Figures illustrate the Proportionate Amounts spent in this Country on Missions, Education, Tea, Coffee and Cocoa, Milk, Bread and Alcoholic Liquors.

JOHN BULL'S DRINK BILL: "This Intolerable Deal of Sack."



BOA CONSTRICTORS.

Our illustration taken from the *Scientific American* shows Mr. G. R. O'Reily, a well known authority on snakes, handling a boa constrictor at the Central Park Museum. Of course, it is not to be inferred that the snake thus easily mastered is of a size and power equal to that represented in the famous Laocoon marble, if such monstrous serpents ever existed, but it is none the less a true boa of very respectable size, such as are widely distributed in tropical America.

The name boa has been generally applied to several varieties of large serpents which kill their prey by constriction, and do not have poison fangs, the European variety being known as pythons. The true boas are abundant in Guiana and Brazil, where they are found in dry, sandy localities, amid forests, and on the banks of rivers and lakes, some species frequenting the water. They feed chiefly on the smaller quadrupeds, in search of which they often ascend trees. The size of their prey often seems enormously beyond their capacity for swallowing, but the creature's jaws are merely connected by ligaments which can be distended at pleasure. Its mouth can be made to open transversely as well as vertically, the two jaws not being connected directly but by the intervention of a distinct bone, which adds greatly to the extent of its gape. It has also the power of moving one-half of the jaw independently of the other, and can thus keep a firm hold of its victim while gradually swallowing it. The upper jaw has a double row of solid, sharp teeth, and there is a single row in the lower jaw, all pointing inward, so that, the prey once caught, the boa itself could not easily release it. Their immense muscular power enables them to crush within their folds quite large animals, which they first lubricate with saliva and then swallow whole by their immense dilatable jaws and gullet. After feeding they become inactive, as is the case with most other reptiles, and remain so while the process of digestion is going on, which, for a full meal, may extend over several weeks, during which period they may be readily killed or captured.

The eggs of a boa are about the size of hens' eggs. About fifteen years ago a boa at the Central Park menagerie laid twenty-one eggs, and it was especially noted that each third egg laid was sterile. The fertile eggs had each a young boa within; one came out of its shell immediately after being laid, but soon died, and all the others died in their shells.

The boas of tropical America, where the specimen shown was captured, never reach the size attained by the great pythons, of the same family, of Hindostan, Ceylon, and Borneo, some of which are said to grow to thirty feet in length, and to be able to manage a full-grown buffalo. A specimen which was brought from Borneo to England was sixteen feet long and eighteen inches in circumference. A goat was placed in the cage of this boa every three weeks, and during the process of swallowing, which occupied over two hours, the skin of the snake became extended almost to bursting, the points of the horns apparently threatening to pierce the coat of the destroyer. The whole animal was so completely digested that nothing was passed but a small quantity of calcareous matter, not equal to a tenth part of the bones, and a few hairs. The skin of the boa was the object of serpent worship among the Mexicans, and a specimen of a skin which was so used is preserved in the British Museum.

THE STORY OF AN APRON.

BY HARRIET B. HASTINGS.

"God hath chosen the weak things."

When I was about thirteen years old, I went to live in a family of a distant relative, to assist in doing the work about the house. The man was well-to-do in this world, but wicked and profane, and his interest was in anything rather than the religious training of children. The work was hard, and the prevailing irreverence and the profanity were harder still to bear; but I was needed there, and so endeavored to fulfill my appointed duties faithfully.

One Lord's day morning, I heard that there was to be a religious meeting some three or four miles away, and my heart was set upon attending it. But how could I go? Would they give their consent? I feared not, as they might think it too far for me to walk, and their horses would be too tired to be driven such a distance. What could I do?

I had from childhood been taught to pray, and following the convictions of my heart, I left the house without saying anything to anyone, and ran up a little path which led me into a secluded spot upon the mountain side, where there was a rock which seemed to be made on purpose for me, and where I often used to go and pray. The man with whom I lived, mistrusting my object, followed stealthily up the mountain, and hid on the other side of the rock to listen to what I had to say. I opened my dear little Bible and read, "For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God" (Rom. 8, 13, 14). I was ignorant of the Scriptures, but I firmly believed that this passage was put there for me, and that I had some cross to take up; and though I knew not what it could be, yet I thought I must do something that would "mortify" me, and I inquired, "What can I do to 'mortify the deeds of the body'?" I was young, and had no mother near to advise me, nor any Christian friend to whom I could go for instruction. I was entirely alone, as far as religious matters were concerned, and so I asked God to show me what I could do to "mortify the deeds of the body." I wanted to attend the meeting that day, and desired that the Lord would influence my relatives to let me go; and though the distance was so great that I was fearful I could not gain their consent yet I thought I would tell the Lord about it, and he might possibly open a way for me to go.

Then the question arose again, How could I "mortify the deeds of the body"? The passage was a mystery to me; I did not understand it. But after a little I thought I had found the key. My mother had made for me a long calico apron, which came down to my feet, to wear when washing dishes, and to do housework in. I always hated that apron; it was so much longer than my dress, and of a very homely color, and it always mortified me to wear it. It almost made me cry every time I put it on. There was nothing in the world that I disliked as I did that apron, and I concluded that this was my cross, and that there was nothing I could do to "mortify the deeds of the body" like putting on that apron, and wearing it to meeting! Like many another devotee who has thought to gain the favor of God by doing some disagreeable work, or suffering severe penance I felt that this was my way of obtaining his blessing; and as I felt great need of help, I fell upon my knees and asked the Lord to put it into the hearts of my relatives to permit me to go to the meeting, and if they consented I would wear my long apron. After I had done praying about it, on rising, whom should I see but the man with whom I lived, who had been concealed over on the other side of the rock, and who, having heard all that I had been saying, came out from his hiding-place, and started for the house, shouting and laughing at my foolishness. Of course I knew what to expect, and went down the hill with a trembling heart, wondering if they would let me go, and thinking if they did I must be true to my promise, and wear the apron!

When I reached the house, my relative began to laugh at me, and make fun of my prayers. I said nothing, but finally asked him if I could go to the meeting. He laughed, and said:

"Yes, if you will 'mortify the deeds of the body.'"

So I prepared myself, and, secreting the long apron under my shawl, started for meeting. There was a small river which I had to cross, either by wading or going over in a boat. I was somewhat afraid, as the water was quite high, but I finally got into a boat—the same old boat which had once carried me down stream when a little child—and rowed across. When over the river I knelt again in prayer to thank the Lord that I was so far safely on my journey, and I then put on the long apron. I thought at first of going directly by the road to the meeting, but afterwards concluded that I would not, for I wore a short dress, and over this the apron, which came down to my feet; and to go along the public road in this costume was a little too much for my courage; so I went around through the fields, dodging among the trees and woods and stumps and fences, some of the time coming out into the highway, and then going back into the pastures and over the hills to avoid passing any houses, or meeting anyone on the road.

At length I came within sight of the schoolhouse where the meeting was held, and I saw that the house was crowded with people, outside and in, old and young, most of whom were my acquaintances. As they looked out from the corner of the schoolhouse and saw me coming in my long apron, I could see them laughing and pointing at me, and I was too sensitive to face their mirth; and, with a trembling heart, I turned back to a convenient place, and quickly removed the troublesome apron, hiding it under the fence, wishing my mother had never made it, and feeling sorry that I had ever promised the Lord to wear it. I started on again, and came to a little stream of water which came between me and the schoolhouse, over which a beam was thrown for foot-passengers to cross. As I was crossing the stream I looked down into the water, and thought of Christ and his words commanding us to "repent and be baptized," and of the baptism with which he had been baptized for us, and I thought within myself, Since Christ has done so much for me, could I not be willing to do so little a thing as I thought I was called to do for him? These words came also to my mind, "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall also the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his father with the holy angels (Mark 8. 38). My heart was filled with sadness. How wretched I was! I had never openly professed my faith in Christ, nor had I learned the way of peace, but I felt a love for the Lord and a desire to do his will, and the Lord pitied me in my ignorance and my honesty of purpose and desire.

I turned back again to the place where the apron was hidden, and knelt upon it to seek help from the Lord, and while I was praying the Lord seemed very near to strengthen and encourage me. It seemed as if the angels of the Lord were round about me, and I received such joy and courage from God that felt I could do anything for Christ, no matter what it might be. So I put on my apron which I had taken off, and started again for the meeting. As I approached the schoolhouse the people began to laugh. With a firm step and a determined will I pressed my way through the crowd of boys and girls who were holding their mouths to keep from laughing and disturbing the meeting. I thought I would take a back seat, but the schoolhouse was filled, and the only seat I could find was in front, where the little folks usually sat, and where I was exposed to the gaze of all the people.

My presence and strange dress of course created quite a sensation among both old and young in the house, and at short intervals some of the younger folks outside would put their heads inside the door, and then draw back laughing; and I well knew what it was for. The mirth produced was of course annoying to the preacher, who was an old, gray-haired gentleman, who seemed to be much broken down and discouraged. He said he had been there three weeks laboring with the people, and not a soul had been converted, and he had concluded that it was of little use to do any more in that place, and it was probably the last time they would ever hear his voice, as that was the closing meeting. He soon concluded his remarks, and sat down, giving others opportunity to follow him in testimony or exhortation as the spirit should give them utterance.

The sadness and discouragement of the old preacher touched my heart, and after he concluded I arose, and in my childish way told my simple story about my prayer by the rock and about the long apron, and the reason why I put it on, that I might "mortify the deeds of the body;" how my courage failed, and I had taken it off; and how I prayed to God for strength to bear the scoffs and taunts of my acquaintances, and had determined to do right and serve the Lord, and not to be ashamed of his words, believing that the Lord would take care of me, and how he had blessed, strengthened and comforted me in my determination to do his will.

The effect of this simple story was remarkable. The power of the Spirit of God seemed to rest upon the congregation. Both old and young were bathed in tears. The gray-headed minister buried his face in his hands and wept aloud, and rising, said, "This little child has condemned us all. She has been willing to take up her cross, and has done it with such courage, it ought to be a lesson for us all." The congregation were greatly affected; those out side crowded to the doors and the windows to look in, and before the old minister had concluded every eye seemed filled

with tears; there was sobbing all over the house, and those who had been making sport of the long apron were weeping with the rest. Curiosity, mirth, and laughter had changed to solemn thoughtfulness. One after another broke down in penitence and confessed his faults; sinners voluntarily arose to ask the people of God to pray for them, confessing with sorrow their wickedness and their abuse of the Lord's goodness and the precious privilege they had enjoyed; and the most powerful revival ever known in that neighborhood commenced with that meeting.

I went home a happier child; and I think the Lord there called me to his service. This was my first effort in public confession of Christ before men; and though I was young and did not understand the ways of the Lord, nor know how I could follow out the teachings of Scripture, yet the Lord understood my motives, and I was blessed, and taught that the Lord uses the weak things of this world to confound the wisdom of the wise. I have since seen many instances where the Lord has blessed the ignorant and lowly on account of their humbleness and submission rather than those whose ways have been more in accordance with the thoughts and desires of men.

The long apron passed from sight years ago, and is probably forgotten by all except the one who wore it; but the power that filled and encouraged the heart of the despondent old preacher, and which so strangely moved the feelings of the people and changed the whole spirit of the meeting, might be traced back, not to the long apron, which had no more value than the long robes and sacerdotal trappings with which some professing Christians now array themselves, but to the public confession of Christ by a young disciple, and to her broken, child-like prayer by the old rock on the hillside in Vermont; yea, farther still than that, to the presence of the Comforter who is sent into the world to abide for ever, not only to comfort the children of the Lord, but also to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.—*Pebbles from the Path of a Pilgrim.*

GEORGE MORTON AND THE MILL.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"What will you do now, Mrs. Morton?" asked lawyer Hartley of a suddenly bereaved widow, as he called at her request soon after her husband's funeral to give counsel regarding the settlement of the considerable estate the deceased had left.

"I shall stay on here, of course, and the younger children will remain with me for the present. But George has an excellent opportunity to go into a general lumber business in Breed's Point. You know his experience here in our own mill since his boyhood will be of great advantage to him, and that and the money you say he can have at once as his share of the estate will give him a fine start."

"Why does he not continue in the lumber business here? He will have its old prestige, his own mill, machinery, his own teams, and his own wood-land, which, as you know, has some of the finest timber in the State. Then, as to cheap and efficient help, there are plenty of men in the vicinity who will be glad to work for him—in fact, they are in a measure dependent on him for work."

"Yes, I know, but George wants to get into a larger and busier place. It is very lonely for him here."

"It is the fashion in these days," replied the lawyer gravely, "for our young men, brought up on the fine old farms, among their outlying hills and valleys, to strike out for some railway centre. It is an epidemic, and, I suppose, must have its run. Happy and fortunate are the few sensible young fellows who escape the miserable infection. Now, Mrs. Morton, let me tell you how it will be with George. He will give up this splendid old farm and mill, and then these small farmers who have heretofore depended on your family for employment, especially during the dull seasons, will be compelled by sheer necessity to pick up and move to some factory village, where their children can work in the mills to help eke out a subsistence. The fine school in this old district will have to be given up on account of the large reduction in the number of pupils, and the two or three families that are better off will feel lonely and isolated, and will think it a duty to go where their children can have better advantages; and in short order this fine farming district all along this lovely river and these rich hillsides will become depopulated, just because they are a little remote from the dirt, din, and devilry of a railway centre. Take my advice and urge George to remain here and save the old neighborhood from speedy and utter decadence."

"I don't think, Esquire Hartley, I have any right to stand in the way of George's rising in the world. He says it is a rare chance that is now offered him—no less than a business partnership with Captain Munyan."

"Not Capt. Jack?"

"Yes."

"It will be his ruin," said the man of law decidedly. "I know Jack Munyan. He is like the graft of false-hearted apples that used to grow on the old 'grindstone tree' over on my grandfather's farm; don't you remember?"

They both smiled. "Yes," said Mrs. Morton, "and I remember your father thought your mother was out of her head when she said one day, just as they had begun to keep house, 'How I wish I could have a pan of baked "grindstones" for tea!'"

"Yes, I have heard the story. But this Jack Munyan: I know he belongs to a good old family, but he is the false-hearted graft of it. He is very affable in manner, but he has bad habits; he is dishonest; he is totally without principle. He will lead your son astray—mark my words. Keep George at home!"

The young man, however, was not content to be kept at home, and soon the coveted partnership was effected.

George boarded at the village in the same family with Munyan. He kept one of his horses there, and usually when he went home, as he did nearly every Sunday, Munyan went with him for company. At first they drove over early and accompanied the family to meeting. But soon that became too much of a bore to Munyan. Then they would drive over later, and the family remained at home to entertain them and to get them up a fine dinner. That was the first entering wedge that caused the family downfall.

One day, as the two young men went driving through the fragrant, woody ways, musical with all country sounds, in the twilight of the long, lovely afternoon, Munyan produced a bottle of brandy that he had brought along "to keep their spirits up," as he said; and this soon became a regular practice. After a time, as the days grew short, George's eyes began to be opened; he was conscious that he was on a wrong and dangerous track, and next time Munyan asked him to drink he astonished the scheming, unprincipled fellow by stoutly refusing.

"I've broken square off—as short as a pipe-stem."

"Wait until New Year's," replied Munyan, "and I will swear off with you. It would be a great deal easier for us to go snacks together; we shall be likelier to hold out; and I don't want to waste all this good stuff."

So once more George was overpowered, and got up with his usual Monday morning headache. But New Year's came along apace. There was a great dinner at the Widow Morton's, Munyan, as usual, being the honored guest, and as the two young men set out for the village in the pale winter moonlight, Munyan, of course, produced a flask of liquor.

"It's cider brandy," said he, "twenty years old. Old man Nickerson, your neighbor, insisted I should take it. I went over to his house, you know, to ask about those pine logs. He said it was excellent for rheumatism, and it seems to me I feel a few little twinges."

"But we have broken off," said George.

"Well, I'll tell you what," replied Munyan, "we'll have our last blow-out to night, and then break the bottle and shake hands over it."

It was their last. Presently the high-spirited horses became frightened and ran, the sleigh went over an embankment, Jack Munyan had a leg broken, and George Morton, the promising young lumber dealer, either from chagrin or because in a dazed condition from his bruises, ran off through the woods and disappeared, no one knew whither. Neither his idolizing mother nor any one of his friends have seen him since. There were vague, unreliable traces of him at first, or of a person resembling him, but nothing satisfactory, and the anguish of the uncertainty to those who loved him was worse than a certainty, however sad.

The years have rolled by, and old lawyer Hartley's prediction has been verified. The old "No. 6" school is depopulated, the fine farms are overgrown with bushes, the once spacious, comfortable dwellings are in ruins, the poor stricken mother long dead, the children scattered, the Morton estate vanished—a large portion of it, one way or another, through the hands of the sharper, Munyan.

This simple narrative carries its own moral. It is unwisdom in very many cases for our country boys to leave their clean, spacious, productive homes and flock to the crowded villages and cities. The old, old story of bad companionship is again told. Break evil habits short off. Don't wait for a birthday or a New Year, or until you come to grief in some way, to begin to do right. Now is God's accepted time, and what other time will do as well as his?—*American Messenger.*

A SHOEMAKER REPROVED.

The late Oberconsistorialrath Woltersdorf once knew a shoemaker in Berlin who had attained to faith after many temptations and conflicts. Now this man imagined that only such as himself were genuine believers, and that others were but half Christians. Spiritual pride and uncharitableness continually increased in his heart. One day Woltersdorf sent for him, and had himself measured for a pair of boots. He then ordered a pair for his son, who was fourteen years old. The shoemaker consequently wanted to take his measure also. But the father refused with the words, "There is no need of it; make his boots on my last." And when the shoemaker declared that this would not do, if his boots were to fit, Woltersdorf looked seriously at him, and said, "So it will not do. You insist upon making a pair to fit each person, and yet you want the Lord to fashion all Christians on the same last. That, too, will not do." The shoemaker was startled, but was afterwards grateful for the sermon.

LIKE A TIRED CHILD.

Like a tired child
Who seeks its mother's arms for rest,
So lean I in my weariness
On Jesus' breast.

And, as that mother soothes
To sleep her weary child,
"Peace, be still," is said by Christ,
Who calmed the tempest wild.

When bowed my head
'Neath some o'erwhelming, sudden grief,
I seek that same dear Friend, and find
A sweet relief.

When friends forsake,
And life indeed seems drear,
I want my Saviour then to come
So very near

That I can plainly see
Beyond the mists below,
A land of pure and perfect love
To which I go.

When in my sky
No star is hung to light my way,
E'en though my strength may have grown weak,
I kneel and pray.

Thus strength I gain
To help me on from day to day;
New faith, new hope, till every cloud
Has passed away.

Dear Saviour, mine!
I know that Thou art just;
Then teach me this sweet lesson, Lord,
To fully trust.

—*Alice Nelson, in Christian Intelligencer.*

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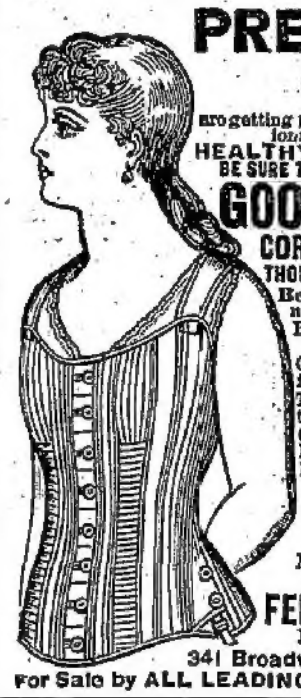

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